

DIOGENES LANTHORNE.

In *Athens* I seeke for honest men,
But I shall find them God knowes when.



He search the City, where if I can see
One honest man, he shall goe with mee.

LONDON,

Printed for *Robert Bird*, dwelling at the signe
of the Bible in Cheape-side. 1631.



Prologue.

AN odde dayes worke *Diogenes* once made,
And 'twas to seeke an honest man hee said :
Therow *Athens* with a Candle hee did goe,
When People saw no cause he shold do so:
For it was day-light, and the Sunne did shine,
Yet he vnto an humour did incline,
To check mens manners with some odde crosse-iest,
Whereof he was continually possist.
Full of reproofes, where he abuses found,
And bold to speake his minde, who euer found.
He spake as free to *Alexanders* face,
As if the meanest Plow-man were in place.
'Twas no mans person that he did respect,
Nor any calling : Vice he durst detect.
Imagine you doe see him walke the streets,
And euery one's a knaue with whom he meets.
Note their description, which good censure craues,
Then iudge if hee haue cause to count them knaues.

Samuel Rowlands.



In Memory
of
Lionel de Jersey Harvard 1915



DI O G E N E S

in his Lanthorne humour.



Now sitte vpon seeking honest men in
knaues skinner, I am euen as weary
as euer was Platons dog. Not a Street
Lane, or Alley in all the City of A-
chens, but I haue trod it, and cannot
meet a man woorthy the giuing the good
morrow to. Why what rascals are
these? Haue they banished honest men out of the Towne
quite? Alas poore Vertue, what hast thou done to deserue
this contempt? Wase is thy attire; as thred-bare is thy
apparell, as my gowne: thy company out of request, for
thou hast walked so long alone, that thou art euen wal-
ked away with thy selfe: there is no goodnesse to be
found, all is set vpon villanie: Wonder walks Bribe-
ry, taken for an honest substantiall grane Lithon; Yea
warry is hee, pray make him one of your Common
Counsell.

There goes Cruelty and Extortion, put off your hats all
to him: It is well done, he is one of the principall and best
in the parish, he hath borne all offices and neuer did good:
a most abhominable rich fellow: But how the Devil
came he by his wealth? Widowes, widowes, three or
four old rusty Gold-getting widowes haue croiued him
with their wealths, and that wicked Gammon is dearer
to him than his owne soule: Pay, if he had five thousand

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sonles, he would sell them all for five thousand Duckets of gold.

Stay, let me see, what is he? O, tis Prodigality and his whore, a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are walking towards the suburbs to a bawdy house for their recreation. Ponder rides the Bawd in her Coach before, and they two come leisurely (with the por) behinds, but will all meet together anon, to make worke for the Chirurgion, who will answer their loose bodies with the squirt.

Now Ile assure you, though I laugh but seldome, I must needs make merry with ponder Asse: why he is trapt for all the the world like Alexanders horse, such a feather in his head, so beguarded, and the very same trot: I haue knowne his father well, he was a most graue Senatoz (in regard of his gray beard) and did much little good in the City, got wealth, and piled up gold euen as they pile up Stocke-fish in Island, and now his sonne (the second part of a foole) has all: All! warry what doth hee with it? Stay, let me snuffe my candle, and Ile tell you presently; Euen like one of Signieur Scatter-goods Politicians, he diuides into parts: A great portion for Dicing, a great summe for Drinking, a parcell for Whoring, a mortie for Pride, a third for Dancing, six shares and an halfe for Swaggering, and all the remainder for Beggerie. Wasse along knaue, walke along.

Who haue we next comes creeping with the paulse in his isynts, a great leather pouch by his side, as large as a Gammon of Bacon, long Stockings, and a side coat, cross-barred with velvet to his knees: Stay, light, light, let me see; Oh I know the damned slave, tis Monsieur Vsurie, what a leane, lank, thin gut it is: he lookes waruellous like a long empty Cats-skinne purse: I would I had his skinne to make me a Summer paire of buskins.

O what a blessednesse it is to me, that I neuer came in to such a villaines clutches! What! does hee pray as hee goes, his chaps walke so fast? No, the Rogue is ruminating vpon his pawnes, he chawes the Cud in contempla-

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tion of Bonds and Bills : I dare be sworne hee neuer champs so much vpon his dinner or supper, for his panch cries out on him, and all the guts in his pudding-house rumble and grumble at their slender allowance. He objects the old Proverbe to his belly, Many a Sacke is tied vp before it be full. I would I had the dieting of him some moneth with my roots, I would send him deeper vnder the ground than ere they grew, the Canniball should neuer see moze vpon poore men, and play the Dice-maker with their bones : hang him Rogue, hang him.

How now, thou drunken knave, canst not see but to reele vpon mee : I would I had bene ware of thee, thou shouldst haue bozne me a good hang with my staffe : what saue is this : As I liue I was almost downe.

Looke how his cloake hangs, one side to his ankles, and the other side to his elbow : his steps take the Longitude and the Latitude : Hoise, hoise : This fellow is now (in his olone conceit) mightily strong, for hee dareth fight with any man : he is exceeding rich, scorneth money, and cares not for twenty thousand pounds : he is marvellous wise ; and tut, tell not him, for he knowes moze than any man whatsoever. What is he that dares refuse to pledge him : As sure as death, if hee could seele or finde his dagger, stabs would be dealt : Marke how the villaine sweares ; there is all his Possesse hath in payne for his scoze : yet he is a passing good Customer for vtterance, about a barrell a day goes downe his gutter. So, take him in there at the red Lat ice : he hath cast Anchor at the blue Anchor for this day. Fill him of the best, for he is one of the best guests that euer tooke vp sodden water with chalke credit on a post. Out vpon him, out vpon him : He read his destiny : Die in a ditch, knave, or end in an Hospitall, Rascall, chafe whether thou wilt.

How looks yonder fellow : What is the matter with him trow : He hath eaten Wull base : There is a lofty slave indeed, he is in the Altitudes : Oh ist your Master Ambition : I would be glad to see you hanged a while for an old

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acquaintance: a great man with the Emperour, He assure you a great man with the Emperour: his voice is heard in the Court now, and his fathers voice was accustomed to be heard in the City; for I haue heard him many time and often cry *Wroomes* in Athens: a good plaine honest man, and dealt much with old shoes. I heard him once tell this proud knaue, being then a boy, a good discourse of Iustice out of a *Wroom*. *Sirra* (said he) here is a *Witch* to correct you in childhood, and when you grow to bee a great lubber, here is a *staffe* to belabour you with. If that will not serue to amend you, why then heres a good *With* to hang you by. Amen, said I, he is growing to it apace; aspiring to rise high, plotting to become mighty: and what tooles hath he out of the *Devils* shop, to performe this worke? Treason, Treason, he will ascend by treason, although he climbe the *Sallows* for it, and cracke his necke in coming downe againe. If I salute him and put off my cap, I would my *Lanthorne* were in my belly. Veruelcomes him, I know him not: *Strout* along *Sirra*, for thou hast not long to *strout* it.

Wor knaues abroad yet? *Ponder* is Boasting and Presumption: I hold my life, as old as I am, He take his *Stapier* from him with my walking *staffe*: he is all sound and breath, tongue and talke, feareth no man, careth for no man, beholding to none: but trie his balow, put him to it, see what is in him, dare him to the proofe, and there is mine empty fellow like a water bubble flying in the aire till a puffe cracke him: I neuer knew (since I knew reason) a wordy fellow prove a worthy fellow: a man must set his hand to his manhood, and finger it, it will not bee had with wounds and bloud, heart and nailes, as euery rascally knaue maketh account. When two currees meet, all the while they barke they haue no leisure to bite. Alexander had a bragging souldier, that swore he had killed five hundred men with fillips: yet this fellow swore the peate against a woman that had broken his head with his owne dagger. And the other day I followed a couple of notori-

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one braggars into the field; one swore hee would imbrue his Barriers hilt in the bowels of his foe, the other vowed to make him eat Iron and Steele like an Estridge. When they came to the place appointed, both drew their weapons, laid them presently downe, and fell to buffets for a bloody nose; which I seeing, ran to the Towne, and cried, Murder, murder, and so brought three hundred people together to laugh at them. I could tell many like examples of Seignior Feather-Cap and his fellow, but that I spie another inane cunning that puts me out.

It is Contention, (nay He goes low enough to the kennell, thou shalt not insulte me for the wall) looke how hee stares, see how a frownes: he has had a poore man in Law these thre yeares, for bidding his dog, Come out Cuckolds Curre: yet if the dogge could speake, he would beate witness against his Master, for Worke-worke that hee had done wrought by his Mistresse in her Chamber to make her Husband night-raps of.

Wh Wife is the summe of his desires, it is the solace of his soule, hee is never well at hearts ease, if he be not wrangling with one or other: He try it by the Law (saies he) the Law shall iudge it: He come to no agreement but Law; He pinch him by the Law; I haue a hundred pound to spend at Law: and all Law, Law; yet he himselfe is altogether void of equity, he will neither take wrong, nor doe right; bites his poore neighbour doggedly by the backe, seizes his superiour, tramples upon his inferiour; and so he may be wrangling, cares not with whom it bee, to keepe his hand in bye. He neuer went to bed in charity in his life, nor neuer walks without meditating threeword turnes. Wh he loues wonderfully to be feeding upon the bread of strife, and imitateth the Camels which delight to drinke in troubled poles. Well, hee shall toyne no neighbour hood with me for it: my Turne stands farre enough off from his house: I had rather haue a Beare to my next neighbour, than such a babbling Rascall: Goe walke a kinne in the horse Faire, I haue nothing to say to

to

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to thee, but farewell and be hanged: and when thou art going that iourney, take all thy fellows with thee.

Tell met, or rather, I'll met Hypocrisie: Ah thou smooth faced villaine with thy sawning tongue, art thou become a Citizen too? Then looks about you plaine fellows, you shall be sure to want no deceit: hee hateth swearing, so doe I: it is well done to hate it; but he loves lying, and will over-reach you in a bad bargain, or with false weight and measure; Yes indeed, I truly will hee. He will sigh, and say, there's no conscience now adayes, and then makes his owne actions beare witness to it, by yea and nay; if he can he will deceive you.

Looke to his hands, hearken not to his tongue, and say: I haue giuen you faire warning, for a Philosopher hath bene censured by him; and had rather haue it said, Diogenes was deceived, than to heare it reported, he is a deceiver. I paid for a better cap than I weare, and my gowne is scarce worth halfe the money it cost me: marry what remedy? Nothing. I haue learned by it onely, A knacke to know a knave: and while I liue, I will looke better to it: Yes truly, and I indeed: Hypocrisie shall neuer sell me good words againe, while he liueth. He neuer buy breath more for money. If a thiefe should met me in going home, and take away my purse, I would say I met with an honesterman than he that censured me in the buying of my gowne: for the thiefe would proue a man of his word, and tell me what I should trust to, in the peremptory termes of Stand, Deliuer your purse.

But my Gowne brother promised me good stuffe, Truly, a great penny-worth. Indeed, and Verily did gull mee. But let me take my leaue of my purse, hee is a villaine, an arrant villaine, and I could euen finde in my heart to eat his liuer fried with parsley to morrow morning to breakfast.

How now! Whats the matter? whither goes all this hurly burly? Hees a Cutter indeed. Now I see, now I see Consenage the Swaggerer is carried to prison. I heare the

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the people say hee hath stabbed the Constable, bent the Watch, broke the Tapsters head, and lien with his Postelle.

Here is no villaine: I pray search his pocket: I told you as much; false heart, false hand, and false dice. What crooked toolen are these in his other pocket? Pick-locks, Pick-locks: this fellow liues by his wits, but yet belongs not to Wits Common-wealth: he sweares he is a Gentleman, but of what house? Harry of Cheaters Ordinary; an ingenious flane, that woakes a lining out of hard bones, and has it at his fingers ends: every man with him is a very Rogne, and a base Gull: he threatens stabs and death, with heart, wounds, and blood; yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chirurgion. He scornes to dwell in a suit of apparell a week: this day in sattin, to morrow in sacke-cloth; one day all new, the next day all seame-rent; now on his backe, anon at the brokers: and this by his reckoning is a Gentlemans humour. Sure I cannot deny but it may be so: but I pray then, what humour is the Gentleman in? He is neuer (in my opinion) like to proue Gentlemen by the humour.

Away with him, away with him, make sure worke, chaine and kennell him by in Gaole, make him a knight of the dolorous Castle.

He will do farre better tied by, then lose at liberty: let him not play the wandring Pilgrim in any case: there is no remedy for such wilde fellows, but to tame them in a dungeon of darknesse; follow him close, watchmen, with your halberts, lest he shew you a new dance called Run a-wayes Galliard. So, so, by this time he lies where hee is like to proue louke, if there be not some speedy remedy vnderfed, with a medicine made of Hempsed to kill the itch.

Who haue we next pray? I should know him by his villainous scurvy looks, he makes a wry mouth, and haz a grinning countenance for all the world like Detraction: why it is he indeed, a rope stretch him, haz not the Crocus pickt out his eyes yet: & how he laughes to himselfe at

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ponder plaine Gentlewoman in the old fashion, because
shee has not the trash and trumpery of Spittis Leole-legs
about her.

Dost thou deride Civility, knowe this decency becom
ridiculous: looke upon thy selfe, thou rascall; looke upon
thy selfe, whom all the wise men in the world may laugh
to scozne indeed.

Thou hast nothing in thee (if thy inside were turned out-
ward) worthy of the least commendation; and yet such
villaines will ever be scoffing, deriding, and detracting
from those of the best spirits and worthiest endowments;
Learned mens wozkes, industrious mens trauels, grane
mens counsels, famous mens vertues and wise mens acts,
Detraction will spit venom at; nothing is well done that
floweth not from his durty inuention: he scoffes at them
he knoweth not, and iests at them he neuer saw. What a
world is this, when a foole shall censure a Philosopher? A
dolt, an idiot, one that hath wit in his heels and head alike,
to condemne and deprave satures miracles for wit and
wisdoms!

This is he that can mend euery thing that is ready-
made to his hand, detracting from the worthinesse of euery
mans wozk: tis a villaine, a right villaine byed and bozne:
He came not long since along by my Tub-house, and scof-
fing at mee, asked mee wherefoze I made it not a Tap-
house: Marry (quoth I) I haue determined so to doe, but
I want such a Rogue as thou art to make me a Signe of.
With that he called me dogge. Said I, thou dost neuer
heare me barke, but thou shalt feel me bite, and so I
thrust my pike staffe thorow his cheekes, that I made his
tath chatter in his head like a Tipper as he is.

May then we shall neuer haue done, looke where Iealon-
fic is, as yello as if he had the yello w Jaundice: his wife
is an honest woman (in my conscience) loyall and true in
wedlocke, but because he (like a fornicating rascall) vseth
common Cartezans; he thinkes her courtesies and theirs
are all alike to euery man, come who wil. His eyes fol-
low

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low her feet wheresoeuer she goeth: if any friend chance to salute her, she dares not reply, but must passe by stranger like, without any shew of courtesie: he sweares she is a whoze, and himselfe a large hoyned cuckold, able to runne full butt with all the cuckolds in the Towne.

Pay hee is growne to such outrage, that hee is euen franticke with ielousie, sometimes profering to lay wagers, that no Bull dares encounter with his head, and that his hoznes are moze precious than any Unicorne. The Barber cannot fit him with a hat wide enough: the Barber cannot trim his forehead close enough: and yet the Boy hath made his beard thinn enough. He sayes, he thynkes there's not an honest woman in Athens, to his knowledge; and the reason is, hee is familiar with none but whozes. A haludy house is for his bodily erectile, and he cannot lye without his lechery: he hath whozes of all complexions, whozes of all sizes; and whozes of all diseases: and this is the cause that the villanous fellow dares call all to be whozes. But masters, marke the end of him that hath bene laid fine times of the Boy, if he be not thoroughly Frenchified, and well prepared for his Menery, then will I for seven yeares eat hay with the horse. Well, Ie crosse the way to the other side of the street, before hee come too neere me: I dare not endure him, tis good sleeping in a sound skin: I would not be in his coat for Alexanders rich Colone. Out stinking knave, out, hold off thy Cart, knave, wilt ouer run me? Thy horse hath more honesty in him than thou, for he auoids me, and thou drawest vpon mee. So villaine, so, curse the creature that gets thy lining, and see how thou shalt thrive by it. Thou blind knave Porter, dost rush vpon mee with thy basket, and thou sayest, By your leaue? Wellike thou meanest to insulte me againe; thou didst aske no leaue the first time before hand. What brutish slaues dost I meet with? My staffe shall meet with some of you anon. Take thou that, knave, for crying buzzies so loud in mine eares: Heres a quottle indeed, your City shufflings, rumbling and tumbling, is

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not for my humour. What a filthy throat has that Differ-
wife: I thinke it will echo in my brain-pan this howler.
This is the raging street of out-cries; He out-walke it
with all the speed I can.

Hitherto haue I met with neuer an honest man: Well,
He burne out my candles end, and then make an end, and
get me home. So, that is good to begin withall. Had your
street neuer a name to encounter my first entrance, but
Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen: This is hee that
setteth Countreies and Kingdomes together by the eares,
breedeth Citie mutinies, and domesticall contentions,
Prince against Prince, Nation against Nation, kindred,
neighbour, friend, all at variance.

This is he that calls Peace with her Palme-tree, All
but wife, and sounds defiance throughout the whole world.
You are wronged (sayes he) put not by such a vile indig-
nity: this disgrace no manhood can endure; your valour
and reputation is in state of preiudice, tis wounded by
such a one, and you cannot in any wise put it by, for the
whole world takes notice of it, and all men will censure
you.

This is the Rascall that made mee fall out with Plato;
call him proud fellow, and trample vpon his bed, because
it was somewhat handsomer and better decked than mine.
In all his life time (and He assure you tis an old, gray,
leane, dry, rotten-boned villaine) did hee neuer shew
cheerefull countenance, but at the sight of some mischiefe:
he would rather bite his tongue thow, than bid any man
good morrow. So, so, now it workes: hee's got amongst
a cruoe of sooding Fish-wines; off goes her head attire;
hane at the others throat; to her greene waste-coat. Why
now it workes like war.

Thrust in, Cut-purse, for there's good pennyworths to
be had amongst them: the Trade is like to be quick by
and by. Customers, come apace, make a priny search with-
out a Constable. He stay no longer with you, a proper
you all. Now he vpon thee, flouingly Rname, when didst
thou

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thou wath thy face : Here's Sloth right in his kinde : the hat he weares all day, at night becommeth his Night-cap ; his Frize Cowne Shoonce, wherein hee intrenches himselfe, is at least thirty thousand strong. Garter thy hose, beaſt, garter thy hose : or will the Por endure no garter :

This fellow, I remember, coming to a Figge tree, beingſo extremely lazy that he could not stretch his arme out to gather any, laid himſelfe downe vpon his backe, and gaping, cried,

Sweet Figs, drop downe in yeelding wiſe,
For Lazy will not let me riſe.

This is he that riſeth late, and goes early to bed; vp to eat, and downe to ſleepe; ſcoznes to labour, (ſo he is as toynted as an Elephant) and rather than he would endure halfe an houres labour, he would willingly chuſe a whole houres hanging : I know no uſe in the world ſo him, except to keepe the City broad from moulding, and the Towne liqueor from ſowzing.

This is he that lying at eaſe vpon his backe, where a Cart was to paſſe, intreated the Carman to draw eaſie ouer him, ſo hee could not riſe yet, till his lazy ſt was paſt. This is he that could rather be loude, than endure to haue his ſhirt waſhed; and had rather goe to bed in hoſe and ſhoes, than ſtoope to put them off. He is ſitted with a wiſe euery part of his owne humors: ſo rather day, heating broth ſo her husbands breakfast, the Cat cri- ed Mew in the porredge pot: Wiſe (ſaid he) take out poze Buſſe : alas, how ſame ſhe there : With that ſhe tooke out the Cat by the eare, and ſtroking off the porredge from her into the pot, they two went louingly to break- faſt with it.

A ſhame take them both, ſo all thy companions, ſo their broth is abhominable. Who! then we ſhall neuer haue done: here is hell broke looke, ſwarming together: Deriſion he goes befoze, ſcoffes euery man he meeteth.

Doeſt laugh at my Lanthorne, Buaue, becauſe I do

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candle-light by day : Why villaine, it is to seeke (such as you will neuer be) Honest men.

Violence, hee walkes with him : he will doe iniurie to his owne Father, if he can : all that hee weareth on his backe, and all that he puts in his belly, is got by oppression, wrong, and cruelty : he careth not how he gets it, so he get it ; nor from whence he take it, so he haue it.

Ingratitude makes one in this consort, an inhumane and vnciuill savage : if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day, he would neuer giue him a thousand good words in a yeare for them.

Impatience is another of their fraternity, a raging knaue, an inquiēt turbulent rogne, hee'll allow times for nothing, all is at a minutes warning that hee calls for, or hee will rage, raile, curse, and sweare, that a wise man would not for ten pound be within ten miles of him.

Who is the other : Hold by thy head knaue.

O, tis Dulcresse, the most notorious blackhead that euer pisset : instruct him till your tongue ake, hee hath no eares for you : there's nothing in him but the Asses vertue, thats dull melancholly : How lumpish a looks ! Out Rascals, out, now a murren take you all : I did neuer make a worse dayes worke in my life, than I haue done to day : here is a City well blest, is well provided I warrant you. If a man should need an honest mans help, where should he finde him : Well, farewell Arhens, I and my Tub scoone thee and thy Citizens.

Diogenes lost labour.

Philosopher, thy labour is in vaine :

Put out thy Candle, get thee home againe.

If company of honest men thou lacke,

They are so scarce, thou must alone goe packe :

But if you please to take some knaues along,

Giue but a becke, and store will flocke and throng.

He that did vomit out his house and land,

Euen

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Euen with a winke will ready come at hand:
And he of whom thou didst ten shillings craue,
And thinking nere againe his almes to haue,
Because he was so prodigall in waste,
And to vndoe himselfe made wondrous haste,
If thou hadst roome to see him in thy Tun,
He will be ready both to goe and run:
Or those same drunken Fidlers thou didst finde
A tuning wood when they themselues were blinde,
Whom thou didst with thy staffe belabour well,
Theyle sing about the Tub where thou dost dwell.
All those that were presented to thy sight,
When thou soughtst honest men by candle light,
Make a step backe, they in the City be,
With many hundreds which thou didst not see:
Houses of Rascals, shops euen full of Knaues,
Tauerne and Ale-house fild with drunken slaues:
Your Ordinaries and your common Innes,
Are whole-sale-ware-houses of common sinnes.
Into a Bawdy house thou didst not looke,
Nor any notice of their capring tooke.
Bawds with their Punks, and Panders with their Straps,
Whores with their fathers in their veluet caps.
Those Salamanders that doe bathe in fire,
And make a trade of burning lusts desire,
That doe salute them whom they entertaine,
With, *A pox take you till we meet againe*:
Nor they which daily Nouices doe intice,
To lend them money vpon cheating dice;
And in the bowling-allies tooke with betting,
By three, and foure to one, most basely getting:
All these vnseene appeare not to thy face,
With many a Cut-purse in the Market-place,
That searches pockets being siluer-linde,
If counterfets about men he can finde,
And hath Commiission for it so to deale,
Vnder the Hang-mans warrant, hand and scale;

Innume-

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Innumerable such I could repeat,
That vse the craft of Cony-catch and chear,
The Cities vermine, worse than Rats and Mice:
But leaue the Actors to reward of vice.
He that repones it, shewes a detestation;
He that corrects it, workes a reformation.
Who doe more wrongs and iniuries abide,
Than honest men that best are qualifide?
They that doe offer least abuse to any,
Must be prepared for enduring many.
But here's the comfort vertuous men doe finde,
Their Hell is first, their Heauen is behinde.

Diogenes Morall.

A Cocke stood crowling proud,
Fast by a Riuer side:
A Goose in water hist at him,
And did him much deride.
The Cocke in choller grew,
Howling by him that made him,
That he would fight with that base Goose,
Though all his Hens diswaide him.
Come but a Hoze (quoth he)
White liner, if thou dare,
And thou shalt see a blondy day,
Thy throat shall soone be bare.
Base Trauen (said the Goose)
I scozne to beare the winde,
To come a Hoze amongst a crue
Of scraping dung-hill kinde:
Thy Hens will backe thee there,
Come hither chaunting slaue,
And in the water hand to hand
A combat we will haue:
Here's none to interrupt,
I challenge thee come here;

Diogenes Lanthorne.

If there be valour in thy Combe,
Why let it now appeare.
Enter the watry field,
Fle spoyle thy crowing quite:
Why, boast not, come; I now I see
Thou hast no heart to fight.
There was no want in him,
But sure the water was so bad,
It would not let him swim.

Morall.

IT happens alwayes thus,
When cowards doe contend,
With wrangling words they doe begin,
And with those weapon end.
Nothing but vanes are vsd,
Till triall should be made:
And when they come to action,
Each of other are afraid:
Then, for to keepe skins whole,
It is a common vse,
To enter into some drunken league,
Or make a Cowards excuse.

A Great assembly meet of spie,
Who with themselves did take advice,
What plot by pollicie to scape,
How they the bloudy Cats might scape:
At length a grave and ancient House
(Belike the wisest in the house)
Gave counsell (which they all lik'd well)
That every Cat should heare a bell;
For so (quoth he) we shall then heare,
And flee the danger which we feare:
If wee but heare a bell to ring,
At eathing chiefe or any thing,
When we are busie with the mpy,

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Into a hole we straight may slip,
This above all they liked best:
But quoth one Mouse unto the rest,
Which of vs all dare be so stout,
To hang the bell Cats necks about,
If hers be any, let him speake.
Then all replide, We are too weak:
The stoutest Mouse, and tallest Rat,
Doe tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

Morall.

THus fares it with the weak,
Whom mighty men doe wrong,
They, by complaint, may wish redress,
But none of force so strong.
To worke their owne content,
For euey one doth feare,
Where Cruelty doth make abode,
To come in presence there.

THe Owle being weary of the night,
Would progreffe in the Sunne,
To see the little birds delight,
And what by them was done:
But coming to a Rately groue,
Whereas proud Summers season growe,
Most beauteous to be seene,
He lights no sooner on a tree
That Summers livery weares,
But all the little birds that be,
Wers flock'd about his eares,
Such wandring and such noise they kept,
Such crying, and such weeping;
The Owle for anger could haue wept,
Had not shame hindred weeping.
At length he made a solenne vowe,

Diogenes Lanthorne

An Diule of me you make,
But ere to morrow light appears,
In dawning of the East,
A hie hundred of you that are here
I will dispatch at least :
If that I crush you not most rare,
Why then Ioue let me die:
A Wittimous I will not spare,
So; the least Wren doth die:
And so at night when all was hush,
The Diule, with furious winds,
Did searce and pry in every bush,
With sight when they were blinde,
Herein their bones and flesh did breake,
Their feathers flew in thicke,
And cruelly with bloody beaks
Those little creatures tare:
Now I am well reneng'd (quoth he)
For that which I have done,
And quitted all my wrongs by spoone,
Where offered in the doone.

Against mighty ones the weak of strength
May not themselves oppose:
For if they doe, 'twill prove at length
To wail the weakest goes.
The little shrubs must not contend
Against the taller trees:
Nor meaner sort seek to offend
Their betters in degrees:
For though amongst their owne comforts
Superiours they deride,
And wrong them much with false reports,
At length Time turnes the Tide,
Then comes a change, the wiles they wrought.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

In selfe conceit though good,
May be in th'end too dearly bought,
Euen with the price of blood.

A Cobler kept a scurvy Crow,
A bird of basest kinde,
And paines enough he did bestowe,
To worke her to his minde.
At length he taught her very well,
To speake out very loud,
God saue the King; and troth to tell,
The Cobler then grew proud.
She was too good to hop about
Upon his old shooe stall,
But he vnto the Court would trot,
His Bird should put downe all
Their painted Varrats: so he went
To Cesar with Jack-daw,
And said to him, he did present
Best bird that ere he saw.
The Monarch gracious minde did heare,
For Coblers pooze good will,
And made a Courtier of the Crow,
Where he remaind, vntill
He standing in a window, spide
His fellowes flie along,
And knew the language which they used,
Was his owne mother song:
Away goes he the way they went,
And all together flie,
A pooze dead horse to teare and rent,
That in a dith did lie:
When they had made him to the bone,
Not a Crowes mouthfull left,
To a Coyne field they flie each one,
And there they fall to theft.
This life the Coblers Crow did chuse,

Diogenes Lanthornic

Picks living out of straw,
And Courtly diet did refuse,
Even like a foolish Dane.

Moral.

HE that from baseness doth derive
The root of his descent,
And by preferment chance to thrive,
The way that Iack-Daw went,
Whether in Court or Common wealth,
In City or in Towne,
How ere he pledge good fortunes health,
Hee'll live and die a clowne.
Dawes will be Dawes, though bred in Court,
Crowes will be carraine still:
Like euer unto like resort,
The bad embrace the ill:
And though euen from a Cobler man
He purchase land, what then?
With Coblers hee'll conuene
Rather than better men.

The Lyon in an humour once,
As with his pleasure food,
Commanded that his paines should
Horn'd beasts should boide the wood:
For any one to carry there
That had an armed head.
This was no sooner published,
But many hundreds fled:
The Hart, the Bucke, the Unicorne,
Kamme, Bull, and Goat consent,
With haste post haste to run away,
Their dangers to prevent.
With this same crue of horned kinde,
That were perplexed so,

511

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A

Diogenes Lanthorne

A beaſt comforts, vpon whose head
 Onely a wenne doth grow.
 The Fox met him, and ſaid, Thou ſaieſt,
 Why whither doſt thou run?
 Herry (quoth he) to ſave my life:
 Hearſt thou not what is done?
 Horn'd creatures all have baniſhment,
 And muſt avoide the place:
 For they are charg'd vpon their horns,
 Even by the Lyons grace.
 True, ſaid the Fox, I know it well,
 But what is that to thee?
 Thou haſt no horns, thy wenne is beſt,
 'Tis ſuident to ſee.
 I grant, quoth he, tis ſo indeed,
 Yet ne'r theleſſe I ſle die;
 For if't be taken for a horne,
 I ſay, in what caſe am I?
 Sure (ſaid the Fox) it is miſe-
 I blame thee not in this:
 For many wzongs are done by thee,
 By taking things amiſſe.

Morall.

VV Ife men will cumber the way,
 In that they take in hand,
 And ſeek that free from all ſuſpect
 They may ſecurely ſtand,
 Remouing euery leaſt offence,
 That may a danger breed;
 For when a man is in a pit,
 It is too late: take heed.
 If mighty men doe cenſure wrong,
 How ſhould the weake reſiſt,
 't is vaine to contend with him
 I Tat can doe what he liſt.

The

Diogenes Lanthorist.

The best and most reposed life,
That any man can finde,
Is this, to keepe a conscience free
From spotted guilty minde.

A Savage creature chaunc'd to come
Where ciuill people dwelt,
Whom they did kindly entertaine,
And courteous with him dealt:
They fed him with their choicest fare,
To make his welcome knowne,
And diners wayes their humane love
Was so the wilde man shewne.
At length the weather being cold,
One of them blew his nailes:
The Savage asked why he did,
And what his fingers ailes:
Parry (quoth he) I make them warme,
That are both cold and numme:
And so they set them downe to heate,
For supper time was come.
The man that blew his nailes before,
Upon his bryeth did blowe:
Friend, sayes the Savage, what meanest thou,
I pray thee let me knowe:
My bryeth (said he) is ouer-hot,
And I doe coole it thus.
Farewell (quoth he) this deed of thine
For euer parteth vs.
Hast thou a breath blowes hot and cold,
Euen at thy wish and will:
I am not for thy company,
Way keepe thy supper till,
And heat thy hands, and coole thy bryeth,
As I haue seene thee doe:
Such double dealers as thy selfe
I haue no minde vnfolde.

But

Diogenes Lanthorne.

But will returne vnto the woods,
Where I tofaze had bene,
Resolving every double tongue
With hollow heart within.

Morall.

A Heedfull care we ought to haue,
When we doe friends elect;
The pleasing gesture and good words
We are not to respect
For courteous carriage oftentimes
May haue an ill intent,
And words may gracelesse proue
Without the hearts consent.
Let all auoid a double tongue
For in it there's no trust;
And banish such the company
Of honest men meane iust.
A counterfeits society
Is neuer free from danger;
And that man liues a happy life
Can liue to such a stranger.

Vhen winters rage and cruel frost
Of every pleasant tree
Had made the boughes starke naked all,
As bare as bare might be,
And not a flower left in field,
Nor greene on bush or tree;
But all was robd in pitious plight
Of Summers rich attire;
The Grasshopper in great distresse,
Vnto the Ant did come,
And said, Deare friend, I pine for food,
I pray thee giue mee some;
Thou art not in extremes with mee,
I know thine euer care
For winters want, hard and distresse,

Diogenes Lanthorne.

In Summer both prepare.
Know'st thou my care repli'd the Ant,
And dost thou like it well?
Wherefoze prouid'st thou not the like?
Wray the Grasshopper tell.
HARRY (said he) the Summer time
I pleasantly doe passe,
And sing out still full merrily,
In the delightfull grasse:
I take no care for time to come,
My minde is on my song;
I thinke the glorious Sun-shine dayes
Are euermaking long.
When thou art howling by thy sod,
Against these hungry dayes,
Inclined vnto prouidence,
Pleasure I onely praise.
This is the cause I come to this,
To helpe me with thy Roze.
Thou art decei'd friend, said the Ant,
I laboured not theretofore:
It was not for you I did prouide,
With tedious tedious paines,
But that my selfe of labours past
Might haue the future gaine.
Such idle ones must buy their wit,
It is best then dearely bought:
And note this lesson to your shame,
Which by the Ant is taught:
If Summer be your winning time,
When you doe merry make,
Let winter be your working time,
When you must penance take.

Morall.

NEglekt not time, for precious time
Is not at thy command;

D

But

Diogenes Lanthorne.

But in thy youth and able strength,
 Giue Prouidence thy hand.
 Repose no trust in others helpe;
 Thou maist complaine in want:
 But friends will vanish all,
 They'l heape reproofe vpon thy head,
 And tell thy follies past;
 And all thy acts of negligence,
 Euen in thy teeth will cast.
 Thou mightst haue got, thou mightst haue gaine,
 And liued like a man:
 Thus will they speake, filling thy soule
 With extreme passion than.
 Preuent this foolish after-wit,
 That comes when tis too late,
 And trust not ouer-much to friends
 To helpethy hard estate.
 Make youth the Summer of thy life,
 And therein loyter not:
 And thinke the winter of old age
 Will spend what Summer got.

A Lusty Begger that was blinde,
 But very strong of limbe,
 Agreed with one was lame of legges,
 That he should carry him:
 Another was to guide the way,
 For he had perfect sight,
 Upon condition, all they got
 Should still be shar'd at night.
 Now, as they shanc'd to passe along,
 The Cripple that had eyes,
 Sitting vpon the blinde mans backe,
 On ground an Oyster spies.
 Stoope, take that Oyster vp (quoth he)
 That at thy feet there lyes:
 And so he did, and put it in

The

Diogenes Lanthorne,

The Scrip which he did weare :
And going on a little way,
Sawes Cripple to the blinde,
Giue me the Dyffer thou tookest by,
I haue thereto a minde.
Not so, said f other, by your leaue,
In vaine you doe intreat it ;
Surely I keepe it for my selfe,
And doe intend to eat it.
He haue it Sir, the Cripple swoze :
Whos side it, thou, or I :
If that I had not seene and spoke,
Thou wouldest haue passed by :
It is no matter, said the blinde,
Thou knowest it might haue lien,
Had I not stoopt and tooke it by,
Therefore it shall be mine.
And so they hotly fell to words,
And out in choler brake,
With, thou lame rogue, and thou blind knaue,
Not caring what they spake.
At length it hapned one came by,
And heard them thus contend,
And did intreat them both that hee
Might this their discord end.
They peeld, and say it shall be so :
Then he enquiring all,
Did heare their league, and how about
An Dyffer they did brawle.
Said he, My masters let me see
This Dyffer makes such strife :
The blind forthwith gaue it to him,
He quickly drew his knife,
And opening it, eat vp the same,
Giuing them each a shell ;
And said, Good fellows now be friends,
I haue your fish, farewell.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

The beggers both deluded thus,
At their owne folly smilede,
And said, One subtill crafty knaue
Hath two pooze fooles beguide.

Morall.

VVhen men for trifles will contend,
And vainly disagree,
That oft for nothing, friend and friend,
At daggers drawing be;
When no discretion there is vs'd
To qualifie offence,
But reason is by will abus'd,
And danger doth incense;
When some in fury seeke their wish,
And some in malice swels,
Perhaps some Lawyer takes the fish,
And leaues his Clients shels:
Then when their folly once appeares,
They ouer-late complaine,
And wish the wit of forgone yeares
Were now to buy againe.

VVhen a græne a gallant Croue,
That woze græne Summers sute,
An Dre, an Aste, an Ope, a For,
Each other kinde salute,
And louingly, like friends, embrace,
And much good manners vse:
At length the Dre sayes to the Aste,
I pray thee friend, what newes?
The Aste look'd sad, and thus repli'd,
No newes at all, quoth he,
But I grow euer discontent,
When I doe meet with thee.
The Dre lookt strange, and stepping back,
Quoth he, deare neighbour Aste,

Dene

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Hane I wrong'd thee in all my life
Mouth full of hay or grasse?
Assure thy selfe, if that I had,
I would grieue me very much.
Po, kind bedfellow, said the Ass,
My meaning is not such:
On Iupiter I doe complaine,
Tis he wrongs me alone,
In arming thee with these large hoznes,
And I, poore wretch, hane none.
Thou wear'st two weapons on thy head,
Thy body to defend;
Against the stoutest dogge that barks
Thou boldly dar'st contend:
When I hane nothing but my skinner,
With two long softish eares;
And not the baseless Goose that liues,
My hate or fury feares:
This makes me sad, and dull, and slow,
And of a heany pace,
When euer Shepherds scurvy cure,
Doth braue me to my face.
Swe, quoth the Ape, as thou art grieved,
So I hard dealing finde;
Looke on the Fox, and looke on mee,
Pray view vs well behinde,
And thou wilt sweare, I know thou wilt;
Except thy eye-sight failes,
That Nature lack'd a paire of eyes,
When shee made both our tattles:
I wonder what her reason was,
To altar thus our shapes;
There's not a Fox but hath a taile
Would serue a dozen Apes.
Yet we, thou seest, gos bare-arst all,
For each man to deride;
I tell thee, brother Ass, I blush

Diogenes Lanthorne.

To see my owne backefide,
 I must endure a thousand iests,
 A thousand scoffes and scoznes;
 Nature deales bad with me for taile,
 And hard with thee for hoznes,
 With this the ground began to ffire,
 And forth a little hole,
 A creeping four-legd creature came,
 A thing is call'd a Mole:
 Quoth he, My masters I haue heard
 That faults you thus doe finde,
 'Bout tailes and hoznes, pray looke on mee,
 By Nature formed blinde.
 You haue no cause thus to complaine
 Of your, and your defect,
 For blesd dame Nature hard with words,
 If mee you doe respect:
 The things for which you doe complaine,
 Are vnto me denide;
 And that with patience I endure,
 And moze, am blinde beside.

Morall

VE oft complaine, repine and grudge
 At our dislike'd estate,
 And deeme our selues (our selues not pleas'd)
 To be vnfortunate;
 None mark'd with more extreme than we,
 None plung'd in sorrow so;
 When not by thousand parts of want,
 Our neighbours griefes we know,
 Most men that haue sufficiencie,
 To serue for natures need,
 Doe wrong the God of nature, and
 Vngratefully proceed.
 They looke on others greater gifts,
 And enuiously complaine,

When

Diogenes Lanthorn

When thousands wanting what they haue,
Contented doe remaine.

TH' Astronomer by night did wake,
(He and his Globe together)
Having great businesse with the Starres;
About the next yeares weather.
He did examine all the skie,
For tempests, wind and raines;
And what diseases were to come,
The Planets told him plaine;
The disposition of the Spring,
The state of Summer tides,
The Haruest-fruit and Winter frost,
Most plainly he espide.
He did conferre with Iupiter,
Saturne, and all the seven,
And grew exceeding busie with
Twelve houses of the Heauen.
And while with staring eyes he looked
What newes the Starres could tell,
Upon the sudden downe hee comes
Headlong into a Well.
Helpe then he calls, or else I drowne,
Oh helpe he still did cry,
Till it chanc'd some passengers
Came very early by,
And hearing him did helpe him out,
In a drownd mouses case:
Then questioned with him how hee came
In that same cold wet place:
Herry (quoth he) I lookd on high,
Not thinking on the ground,
And tumbled in this scurvy Well,
Where I had like beene drownd.
Which when they hard, and knew his Art,
They smiling said, Friend stranger,

While

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Wilt thou forgett things are to come,
 And knowst not present danger :
 Hast thou an eye for heauen, and
 For earth so little wit,
 That while thou gazest after Starres,
 To tumble in a pit :
 Wilt thou tell (looking oze thy head)
 What weather it will be :
 And deadly danger at thy foot
 Thou hast no eyes to see
 We giue no credit to thy Art,
 Nor doe esteeme thee wise,
 To tumble headlong in a Well,
 With gazing in the skies.

Morall.

MAny with this Astronomer,
 Great knowledge will pretend :
 Those gifts they haue, their haughty pride
 Will to the skies commend.
 Their looks must be aspiring, for
 Ambition aimes on hie :
 Fortunes aduancements make them dreame
 Of Castles in the skie.
 But while bewitching vanity
 Declades them with renowne,
 A sudden alteration with
 A vengeance puls them downe ;
 And then the meanest sort of men,
 Whom they doe abiect call.
 Will stand in scorne, and point them out,
 And censure of their fall.

Great Alexander came to see
 Goggy mansion being a Tunne,
 And stood directly opposite
 Betwene me and the Sunne.
 Porro (quoth he) Philosopher,

Diogenes Lanthorne. C

I yeeld thee time of day.
 Harry (said I) then Emperour
 I pray thee stand away;
 For thou depriest me of that
 Thy power hath not to giue,
 For all thy mighty fellow Kings
 That on Earths foot-ball liue:
 Stand backe, I say, and rob me not,
 For wrong me in my right;
 The Sunne would shine vpon mee, but
 Thou tak'st away his light.
 With this he kept aside from mee,
 And smiling did intreat
 That I would be a Courtier,
 For he lik'd my conceit.
 He haue thy house brought nigh my Court;
 I like thy doine so well:
 A neighbour very neere to mee
 I meane to haue thee dwell,
 If thou bestow that paine (quoth I)
 Whay when thy worke is done,
 Remoue thy Court, and carry that
 A good way from my Tunnne.
 I care not for thy neighbourhood,
 Thy treasure, trash I hold,
 And doe esteeme my Lanthorne borne
 As much as all thy gold.
 The costliest chaire that Earth affords,
 (Take Sea and Aire to boate)
 I make farre lesse account thereof,
 Than of a Carret roost.
 For all the robes vpon thy backe,
 So costly rich and strange,
 This plaine poye gown thou seest me weare
 Threedbare, I will not change.
 For all the Pearles and pzeious Stones
 That are at thy command,

Diogenes Lanthorne,

I will not giue this little booke
That here is in my hand,
For all the Countries, Cities, Townes,
And Kingdomes thou hast got,
I will not giue this empty Tanne,
For I regard them not.
Pay, if thou wouldst exchange thy Crowne
For this same cap I weare,
Or giue my Scepter for my Staffe,
I would not do't I sweare:
Dost see this Tub : I tell thee man,
It is my Common-wealth.
Dost see yon water : 'Tis the wine
Doth keepe me sound in health.
Dost see these roots that grow about
The place of my abode :
These are the dainties which I eat,
My bak'd, my rost, my sod.
Dost see my simple three-foot :
It is my Chaire of State.
Dost see my pooze plaine wooden dish :
It is my Siluer plate.
Dost see my wardrop : Then behold
This patched seame-rent goloue.
Dost see yon mat and bull-rushes :
Why th'are my bed of downe.
Thou call'st me pooze and beggerly ;
Alas, good carefull King,
When thou art often sighing sad,
I cheerefull sit and sing.
Content dwels not in Palaces,
And Courts of mighty men :
For if it did, assure thy selfe
I would turne Courtier then.
Po, Alexander, th'art deceiu'd,
No censure on me so,
That I my sweet contented life

Diogenes Lanthorne.

For troubles will soe goe.
Of a repozed life, tis I
Can make a iust report,
That haue more vertues in my Tum,
Than are in all thy Court:
For what peeles that but vanities,
Ambition, Enuy, Pride,
Oppression, Wrongs, and Cruelty:
Say, euery thing beside.
These are not for my company,
Ile rather dwell thus odde:
Who euer walkes amongst sharpe thornes,
Had need to goe well shod.
On mighty men I cannot saue,
Let flattery crouch and creepe:
The world is naught, and that mans wife,
Least league with it doth keepe.
A Crowne is heauy wearing, King,
It makes thy head to ake:
Great Alexander, great accounts
Thy greatness hath to make.
Who seeketh rest, and for the same
Doth to thy Court repaire,
Is wile like him that in an Eagle
Doth seeke to finde an Hare.
If thou hadst all the world thine owne,
That world would not suffice:
Thou art an Eagle (mighty man)
And Eagles catch no flies.
I like thee for thy patience well,
Which thou dost shew to beare mee:
Ile teach thee somewhat for thy paines,
Draw but a little neere mee.
Some honest proverbes that I haue,
Upon thee Ile bestow:
Thou didst not come so wile to mee,
As thou art like to goe.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

HE that performes not what he ought,
But doth the same neglect,
Let him be sure not to receiue
The thing he doth expect.

When once the tall and lofty tree
Vnto the ground doth fall,
Why enery Peasant hath an axe
To hew his bonghes withall.

He that for Vertue merits well,
And yet doth nothing claime,
A double kinde of recompence
Deferueth for the same.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goest,
And thy companionstell :
I will resoluethce what thou dost,
Whether ill done or well.

He knowes enough that knoweth nought,
If he can silence keepe :
The tongue oft makes the heart to sigh,
The eyesto waile and weepe.

He takes the best and choicest counsell,
Of any man doth liue,
That takes good counsell, when his friend
Doth that rich iewell giue.

Good horse and bad (the Rider sayes)
Must both of them haue spurs :
And he is sure to rise with fleas,
That lies and sleepees with cures.

He that more kindnesse sheweth thee,
Than thou art vse vnto,
Either already hath deceiu'd,
Or shortly meanes to doe.

Birds

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Birds of a feather and a kinde,
Will still together flocke:
Had need be very strait himselfe,
That dork the crooked mocke.

I haue obserued diuers times,
Of all sorts old and young,
That he which hath the lesser heart,
Hath still the bigger tongue.

He that's a bad and wicked man,
Appearing good to th'eye,
May doe thee many thousand wrongs,
Which thou canst neuer spie.

In present want deferre not him,
Which doth thy helpe require:
The water that is farte off fetcht,
Quencheth not neighbours fire.

He that hath money at his will,
Meat, drinke, and leisure takes;
But he that lackes must mend his pace,
Need a good foot-man makes.

He that the office of a friend
Vprightly doth respect,
Must firmly loue his friend profess,
With fault and with defect.

He that enioyes a white horse, and
A faire and dainty wife,
Must needs finde often cause by each
Of discontent and strife.

Chuse thy companions of the good,
Or else conuerse with none;
Rather than ill accompanied,
Much better be alone.

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Watch ouer words, for from thy mouth,
There hath much euill sprung:
Its better Rumble with thy feet,
Than Rumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habit, Vertue 'tis
That doth aduance thy fame:
The golden bridle better's not
A Iade that wears the same.

The greatest ioyes that euer were,
At length with sorrow meets:
Taste hony with thy fingers end,
And surfer not on sweets.

A Lier can doe more than much,
Worke wonders by his lies;
Turne Mountaines into Mole-hills, and
Turne Elephants to flies.

Children that were vnfortunate,
Their parents alwayes praise,
And attribute all vnchastities
Vnto their forgone dayes.

When sicknesse enters healths strong hold,
And life begins to yeeld,
Mans fort of flesh to parley comes,
And death must win the field.

The flatterer before thy face,
With smiling lookes will stand,
Presenting hony in his mouth,
A Rator in his hand.

The truly noble minded loue,
The base and seruile feares.
Who euer tels a foole a tale,
Had need to finde him cares.

To

Diogenes Lanthorne.

To meddle much with idle things,
Would vex a wise mans head:
Tis labour and a weary worke,
To make a dogge his bed.

The worst wheele euer out of the Cart,
Doth yeeld the greatest noise:
Three women make a market,
They haue sufficient voice.

First leaue all fooles desire to learne,
With stedfast fixed eyes:
In this, all other Idiots are,
And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lion breathlesse lies,
Whom all the Forest feard,
The very Hares presumptuously
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtst,
Though inconuenience grow:
A wise man will not seed-time lose;
For feare of euery Crow.

One man can neuer doe so well,
But some man will him blame:
Tis vaine to seeke to please all men,
Ioue cannot doe the same.

To him that is in misery
Doe not affliction adde:
With sorrow to load sorrowes backe,
Is most extremely bad.

Shew me good fruit on euill tree,
Or Rose that growes on Thistle:
He vndertake at sight thereof,
To drinke to thee and whistle.

Censure

Diogenes Lanthorne.

Censure what conscience feels in him,
That sweares he iustice loues;
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,
To punish simple Doves.

There's many that to aske might haue,
But his owne silence crost,
What charge is speech vnto thy tongue?
By asking, pray what's lost?

He serues for nothing, that is iust;
And faithfull in his place;
Yet for his duty well perform'd,
Is not a whit in grace.

He makes himselfe anothers slave,
And feares doe vndergoe,
That vnto one being ignorant
Doth his owne secrets show.

On Neptune wrongfull he complains,
That oft hath beene in danger,
And yet to his deuouring waues
Doth not become a stranger.

Age is an honourable thing,
And yet though yeeres be so,
For one wise man with hoary haire,
Three dozen fooles I know.

Ff N f s.

